

Oberhelman and Miss Oria Cravens who were engaged, married.

Eighteen hours later, the bride went house hunting. When she returned she received word her husband had shot himself in a hotel.

UMBRELLAS

We mention umbrellas contritely, for we are addicted to them.

We are otherwise normal and sane, but once loose in a crowd with a furled umbrella and human safety is no more to us than one broken leg to a centipede.

We have overcome most of our other bad habits. Like rubbers and ear muffs and sauerkraut. And we don't insist on making our own salad dressings wherever we go any more. But umbrellas are things we can't resist. We are fiendishly adroit with them.

Isn't there something we can put in our coffee to help us?

STUFF TO LOSE SLEEP OVER



"I WONDER WHO THAT GUY IS! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE SEEN HIM TO-DAY."

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL Sunday Morning.

Sunday morning. Ah, what a glorious invention! The kingpin of the mornings. Who said "Life is just one d—d thing after another"? They're all wrong. What about Sunday morning? Whoever said it was probably thinking of postices. Well, let's go. Eddie, shoot the spotlight on Sunday morning. Ah, that's better! Sunday morning, the a. m. you don't wake up with a grouch on. The morning you give the pessimistic alarm clock the merry heh! heh! say to yourself "Hooray, I don't have to go to work today!" You give yourself a couple of dozen stretches, a few bushel of yawns then roll over for a little snooze with a grin on your face that pushes the ears back till they meet. OH, BOY! ain't it great? Along about 10 o'clock the boy in the street is yelling Sunday morning poi-per, heah!" wakes you up. You lay there awhile and look at the ceiling, then hop off the ostermoor, grab the bathrobe and trot for the tub. Ain't it swell, just loaf and take your time, while you're splashing in the tub and whistling "Yack! Hicka Beefa Stewla," all out of tune? Then breakfast, you can eat everything twice and still have time for more. Say, it's glorious! Some get ready and go to church while some sit around and read the paper or play the phonograph and awkwardly jig in their easy slippers. Anyhow, no matter what they do everybody is O. K. on Sunday morning. Let's get together now boys. Three cheers for Sunday morning! If we ever get to be a congressman bank on us putting through a bill for two Sunday mornings a week. What dye say?

A new hand bag for women is contractible to serve as a purse. You can properly carry a dollar or a potato in them.

Lovers are never tired of each other—they always speak of themselves.—La Rochefoucauld.